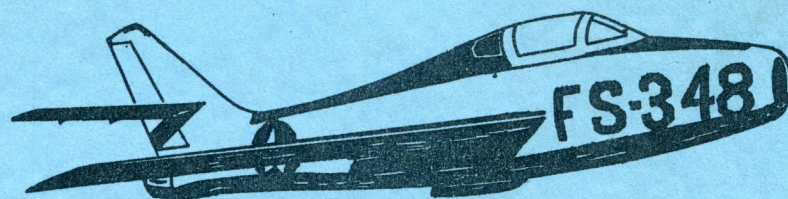
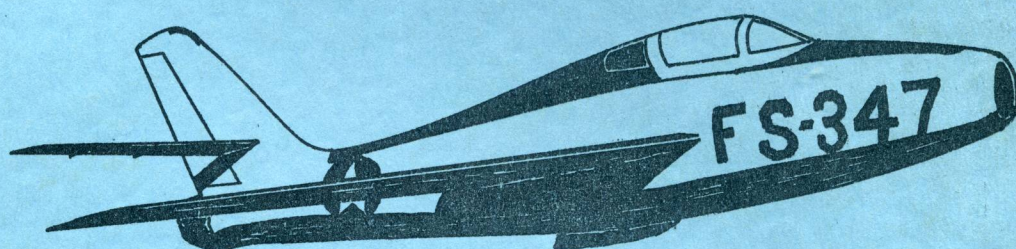
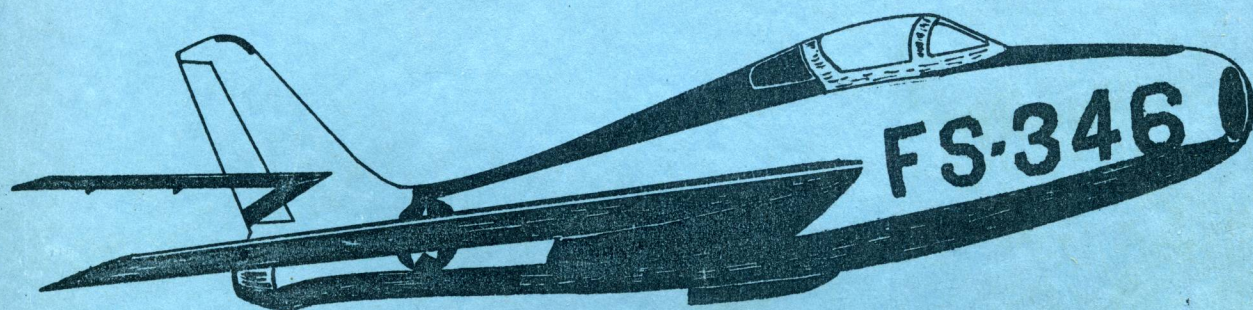


CAPT. WILLIAM F. MCCRYSTAL

STOVEPIPE SERENADE



A COLLECTION OF FIGHTER SONGS

1954 EDITION

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INTRODUCTION

The following songs were collected over a three-year period. They are but a small sample of the many songs sung at Air Force Bases throughout the world or wherever fighter pilots chance to meet and drink together. This book is composed of songs strictly about fighters, therefore many old favorites such as "Minnie the Mermaid" "O'Reilly's Bar" etc. have been omitted due to lack of space. Many of the songs have several versions, since each unit has its own personalities and situations and consequently alters the words to fit them.

In many cases it was impossible to discover the original source of a song; therefore, the author of each song is listed where known, and the person or collection from whom it was obtained. It is hoped that no offense will be taken by uncredited authors, as every effort has been made to give proper credit. A partial list of sources follows. To those who have generously given of their time and patiently written out their songs, thank you.

Logan Bentley
Donaldson AFB
November 1954

Capt. Al Hamby
Capt. Dick Hellwege
Capt. Bruce Jones
Capt. Harry Mulholland
Capt. Tom Perfili
Capt. George Thomas
Capt. Pete Van Brussel
Lt. "Red" Pryor
Lt. Bob Daley
Lt. Jim Daleo
Lt. John Robertson

"Songs of the 8th Fighters"
"Repulsive Rhapsodies"
"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"
"Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group"
"Songs of the 325th"

AIR FORCE TIMES



This is a "word of warning" - a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of these lyrics were adopted to the Korean "situation" after becoming popular among the same warriors during World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires of the eve of Gettysburg.

It follows, therefore, that they are not the product of a particular degenerate generation. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field, no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, dehydrated potatoes and dysentery.

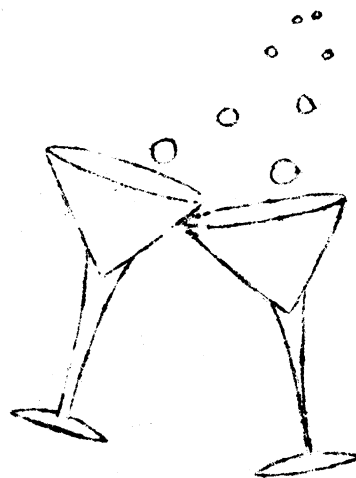
You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

(From "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

THIS COLLECTION IS DEDICATED

TO ALL FIGHTER PILOTS

LIVING AND DEAD



TOAST TO A PILOT

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
We'll drink to those of us living
And hurrah for the next man to die!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies," published by
50th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

"BESIDE A GUINEA WATERFALL"

*

Beside a Guinea (Korean) waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered sabre, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
And poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, Oh! Death, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling
For YOU but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Better days are coming bye and bye!

"BOOZIN' BUDDIES"

(*)

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said:

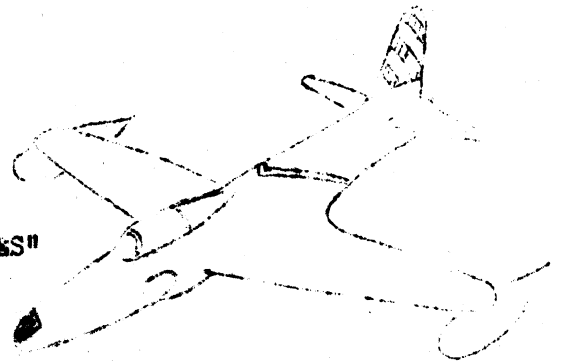
"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Down in the hangars they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin' "

"TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES"



Bless them all, bless them all,
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll prob'ly break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

"LET'S HAVE A PARTY"

Let's have a party, let's have some fun
Let's have a party, the _____ Fighter Group
is here to night
Break right, break left, streamers off the wing
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything
We are the joy boys from Itazuke
Hello, hello, hello, hello-o-o-o!

"ITAZUKE ORT"

(Tune: When you wore a tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT!
Other pilots went to brierling
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping
Hotter stones you'll never see
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each fiasco
We excelled in proficiency
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT!

"TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE"

Too long at Itazuke
Look just like a little gook
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"
Me work in rice paddy
Go Geisha house and drink saki
Me jo-to Number One Japanese boy^{san}!

"MEET ME IN KYOTO"

(Tune: Meet Me In St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto Moto
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have some Sukeyaki
Then we'll have a cup of Saki
If You'll meet me in Kyoto Moto
Meet me at the shrine!

(All songs above from "Songs of the
8th Fighter Wing")

"PILOT'S LAMENT"

(Tune: If I Had The Wings Of An Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather 'round while we sing this song to you!

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any a blacked-out loop
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the _____ Fighter Group!

"MOONSHINE"

(Tune: You Are My Sunshine)

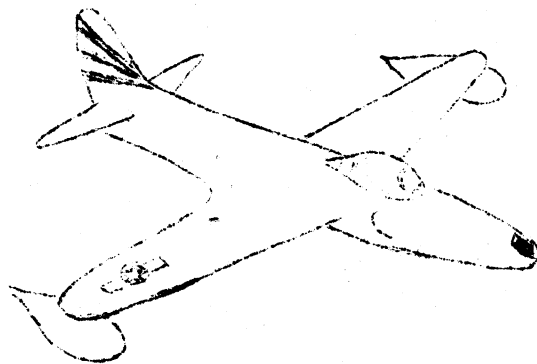
You are my Moonshine, my only moonshine
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard Moonshine Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume
Won't you head your jet that-a-way!"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my Moonshine, my only Moonshine
How could you let me down this way?
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take that Moonshine away!

(Both songs from "Songs of the 8th
Fighter Wing")



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"SAFE HAND MAIL"

(Tune: Wreck of the Old '97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary eighty
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

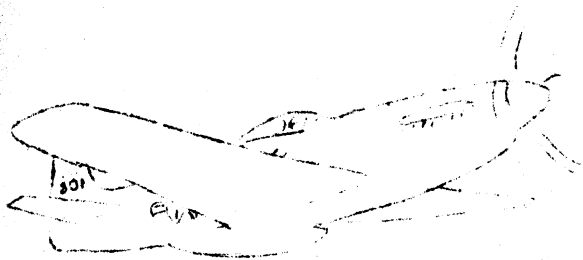
Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief,
"Is my spam-can ready to roll?"
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros
And his 'eighty did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour
When the ~~tipstanks~~ came off with a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam!

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well
Old Bill broke his eighty all to hell
There'll be no more suki-yaki at good old Itazuke
Fare-thee well, oh, fare-thee well!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"
by Capt. William F. ("Romeo") McCrystal)



AIR FORCE "801"

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, oh hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream
And hear old Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the down-wind leg
My prop has over-run
My coulant's overheated, the guage says one-two-one
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, 'Cause this is coffee hour!
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see.
So take it on around again, we have some VIP!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun.
My engine's running rough, and the coulant's gonna blow,
I'm gonna buy a Mustang, so look out down below!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day!

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay!
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"
by Capt. William F. McCrystal)

"STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"

(Tune: She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

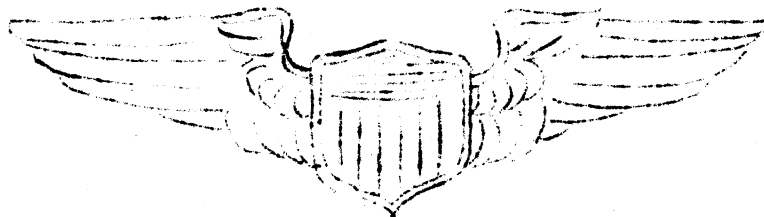
Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up 24 abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty sevens- twenty threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading 152 to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"
By Lt. "Rosie" Rosencrans)



I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the Goddam things
Now I don't want them any more.
Oh they taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die
I've got a belly full of war.
You can save those Zeroes for the Goddam heroes
For Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses
Buster, I wanted wings 'till I got the Goddam things
Now I don't want them any more!

I don't to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak makes me part my lunch
For me there's no Hey Hey
When they holler "Bombs Away!"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
And I'd rather be home, Buster
With my ass than with a cluster
Buster, I wanted wings 'till I got the Goddam things
Now I don't want them any more!

You can tell an old banana
That we're headed for Vienna
If you'd thought a little faster
You'd have joined the quartermaster
Buster, I wanted wings 'till I got the Goddam things
Now I don't want them any more!

(From the publication "Repulsive
Rhapsodies" 58th Fighter Wing, 1952)

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (I)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my quadrant, my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS:

Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

CHORUS

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
And when I made my last turn, My God, I racked it tight
And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheezed
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel Penix, Spin instructions please!

CHORUS

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!

(From "Repulsive Rhapsodies"
58th Fighter Wing, 1952)

✱

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

Cruisin' down the Yalu, doing 650 per
Gave a call to _____
Oh, won't you save me, sir?
Got two big flak holes in my wings
My tank ain't got no gas
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

CHORUS:

Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

Made my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My airspeed read 130
My God, I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder
The engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, mayday, mayday - spin instructions please!

CHORUS

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile
Pull up and go around!
I racked that _____ in the air
A dozen feet or more
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back
Oh, save me, _____ !!

CHORUS

Strafin' on the panel
I made my pass too low
Gave a call from tower
"One more and home you go!"
I pulled that _____ in the blue
She hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't be back this winter
When the work's all done this fall!

(From "Songs of the 49th Fighter-
Bomber Group" Compiled by Willy
Williams, 12 June 1951)

*

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (III)

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____ And this is what he said:
I hate this _____ place!
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all
Mustangs, gentle pilots - and the pilots shouted Balls
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack and shove 'em up your ass.

CHORUS:

Oh, hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh, hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir?
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!"

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday: Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run I got too God Damn low
I pressed the _____ button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe' ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday: I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"
18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey)

*
36

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot from flying so low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open he made his last pass
On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

*
37

Oh, the ~~Red Nose~~ Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh, the ~~Red Nose~~ Migs are comin'
And they want to fight
Let's hurry, hurry home
Oh, won't you hurry, hurry home?
Oh, the ~~Red Nose~~ Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight!

MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG 15
A tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I taw him
As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG 15
Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84
I'll shoot him down in flame!

(All three songs from "Repulsive
Rhapsodies," 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

Battle Hymn of the Republic
(Tune: ~~Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory~~)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you can't tell him much!

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(From the boys of the 509th Fighter-
Bomber Squadron, Langley AFB, Va.)

OFF WE GO

Back we come, off of a one-hour test hop
From over the land, and over the sea
For this feat we get a raise in rank
Ten days leave, and a D.F.C.
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals
Got a lot, and we'll get some more
We're out to conquer and we will
Nothing will stop the U.S. Air Force!

(Source: Lt. Silliman, 405th Fighter-
Bomber Wing)

WE ARE THE BOYS

We are the boys from the 77th you've heard so much about
The mothers bring their daughters in
Whenever we go out!
We're always drinking whiskey, we're always drinking booze
Oh, we are the boys from the 77th
So who the hell are youse!

(From the boys of the 77th Fighter-
Bomber Squadron, 20th Fighter-Bomber
Wing)

TAC HEADQUARTERS

(Tune: Pepsi-Cola)

TAC Headquarters is the spot
Twenty-eight Colonels, that's a lot
Lots of brass with nothing to do
TAC Headquarters is the place for you!
Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken _____!

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here - far o'er the foam

Now they sit in FMAF Headquarters
Making rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame!

Shed a tear when you think of us,
Sitting here on old F-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old Yaku.

M.S.W.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you "(Any old dirty Major)"
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue!

(Lt. Effinger)

FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although Flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

(All songs above from "Songs of the
49th Fighter-Bomber Group")

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

*

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on: Fight on:
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on: Fight on:

(From "Repulsive Rhapsodies")
58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few
Number Four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe.
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number Three, don't you see
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

("Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber
Group" Compiled by Willy Williams,
12 June 1951)

NAPALM

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my D.F.C.
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down (Hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell
When those rockets hit the bell
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through
It was when I hit the silk - oh my God I strained my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down!

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when that pilot went down.

(49th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summers day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone
And his engine was wrapped round his head
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words he did say:

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
With no Merlin before me to course
So come along, and get busy
Another lad now wants the hearse!

Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again

With rusted fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We fly these worn out Mustangs
Against the MiG fifteen

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
Here's a toast to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die.

(From "Songs My Mother Never Taught
Me" 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

CHORUS:

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

CHORUS:

Oh, someday you'll meet a Mig-15, he'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

CHORUS:

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" published
by 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery!

CHORUS:

Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS:

Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" 58th Fighter-
Bomber Wing)

RAIL CUTTERS

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold, cold heart?

EARLY ABORT

(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
Come down into my briefing and I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the enemy is and where the flak is black
Cause I'm the last one off the ground
And I'm the first one back!

CHORUS:

Early abort (Pom Pom) avoid the rush
Early abort (Pom Pom) avoid the rush
My name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the Group!

(Both songs above from "Repulsive
Rhapsodies," 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing

PARTIES BANQUETS AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame)

Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys
Parties, Banquets, and Balls
As President Truman has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys
Parties, Banquets, and Balls
We'll have Parties and Banquets
And Banquets and Parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"
18th Fighter-Bomber Wing

*
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There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a Fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"
18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter rotate
They'll loop roll and spin but they'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS:

Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a deep hole
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawq
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll runble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me an F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate, but they all pulled out late
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Just give me an old '51, with praise for the work it has done
It's tried and it's true and will take care of you
Just give me an old '51!

(FINAL CHORUS) Just give me my old Mustang
For defending democracy's cause
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home!



TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS
(Tune: This Old House)

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue?
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the Captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or a plane to do the roll
And we're looking for the P.I.O.
Who got us in this hole!

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called ole yellow stain
This ole team is getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaitin' judgement day!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or that G-Suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we don't really care!

(Lt. John Coleman, 325th Fighter-
Interceptor Squadron)

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombadiers
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whoras
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST

(Tune: Cigareets and Whiskey)

I ^{once} was a civilian and flew on weekends
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS:

~~Kumi-ni and Antung and Wild Wild P. anyong~~
~~Sinajin and Anak, Sinaju and Sinmak~~
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy
They'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night!

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked round, I'd be up there yet
Six Migs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled Break
Sixty-one and 3000, how my knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me,"
18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)



* The M16 is a blot on the whole human race
 A man is a fool who'll give one a chase
 Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear brother
 There's fire on one end and big guns on the other. Chorus:

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
 Flow Fox-86's at old Victorville
 They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you"
 The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

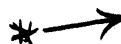
CHORUS:

Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild, Wild Pyong-yang
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
 Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

We go down to briefing while it is still night
 We lift off the runway before it is light
 We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
 We're over the target before it is day. Chorus:

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
 We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds
 We drop our big tips and we break to the right
 "~~Loose~~" we cry with all of our might! Chorus:
 "Bandits"

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
 We swear that the leader is doing a loop
 Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
 Be careful or ~~Willy~~ ^{Ferry} will write about you! Chorus:



If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
 I'll tell them to jam it - my ass is too sore
 They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
 Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

(From Songs of the Forty-Ninth
 Fighter-Bomber Group)

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never get back

For flying is a pleasure
And dying a grief
And a quick-triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick-triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old Mustang trust

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
This horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the Group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Simanju
Or old Kuniri!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"
18th Fighter-Bomber Group)

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing
Beside his office door.
He'll be sweating out the take-off
As he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated desk!

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled oe'r the I.P.
As we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic
to ack ack
The man behind the armor plated desk!

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,
But a few aren't coming back
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum
When you supress the flak,"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over
And debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over
But not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the "O" Club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me,"
18th Fighter-Bomber Wing

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKA

(Tune: Hawaiian War Chant)

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa - - - Yokohama - - - Itazuke is the place!

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); Ah, So, (Yokohama)
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO!

Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy
Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy
Frozen Chosen, Chosen Frozen, Frozen Chosen is the place!

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Chosen Frozen)
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

(Tune: Man On The Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But, alas, boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

But the Mustangs had sighted the Bogies
They pulled through the top of a loop
They dove on the trembling F-80's
My God, they have scrambled the Groooooop!

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact Number Four had the throttle stop bend
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")



SONG OF THE 18th

(Tune: Wreck of the Old '97)

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang
And the mountains are high and wide
If my engine quits, you can write off a Mustang
Cause I'm fixing to go over the side!

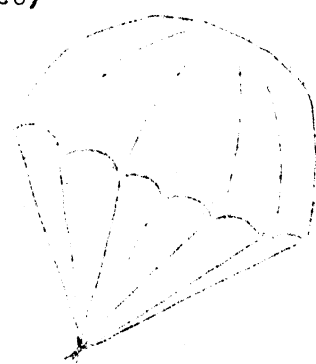
Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
and the Chinks started throwing up flak
He said, "Run 'em up, boys, and we'll clean out our
engines
And the drinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortie
Cause you work so close to the troops
You get hit twelve times by a '20 or a '40
And your engine coughs and sputters and poops.

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow
And the Chinks start blazing away
And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow
Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
And I guess I'm here to stay
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.

(Source: Lt. Jim Daleo)



THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
Who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived
For nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded
And those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

CHORUS:

Glory Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when
Their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen their screaming power dives
That plastered Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies
And they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

CHORUS

They flew their Mustang fighters
Through a living Hell of flak
And the bloody dying pilots gave
Their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping-pong
In the operations shak
Their technique's gone to Hell!

CHORUS

(From "Songs of the 325th Fighter-
Interceptor Squadron)

IF YOU FLY ...

If you fly an Eighty-Nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blow up yesterday
Allison ain't here to stay!

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler more
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-Nine!

CHORUS

If you fly an Mighty-Six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys!

CHORUS

IF YOU FLY A 1-2-4
YOU WILL FIND IT QUITE A BORE
IT FLIES LIKE AN OLD BARN DOOR
AND IT MAKES YOUR PALMY SORE

CHORSU: Did you go OUCH today?
Did you go OUCH today?
Fourteen hours yesterday
What a way to earn your pay!

CLEAR THE PATTERN

Clear the pattern, call the crash crew
_____ leads the Group
They were losted, fuel exhausted
They'll be landing from a loop.
Yes, he led us into weather
Lightning flashes all around
_____ says, "I'll fly the gauges,"
But we came out upside down
(Repeat first four lines)

(From "Songs of the 325th Fighter-
Interceptor Squadron)

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

Whataya gonna do with a drunken pilot?
Whataya gonna do with a drunken pilot?
Whataya gonna do with a drunken pilot?
Early in the morning!

Put him in the back of a _____
Put him in the back of a _____
Put him in the back of a _____
Early in the morning!

Put him on the wing of a _____
Put him on the wing of a _____
Put him on the wing of a _____
Early in the morning!

That's what you do with a drunken pilot
That's what you do with a drunken pilot
That's what you do with a drunken pilot
Early in the morning!

Ten thousand dollars home to the folks
Ten thousand dollars home to the folks
An engine goes Ka-flooeey
Another pilot croaks, Hey!
Ten thousand dollars home to the folks!

YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSELF A GUY

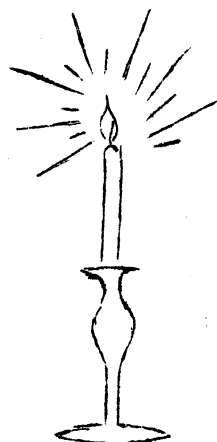
You'd better get yourself a guy
Who stays right here upon the ground
And doesn't wear those shiny, silver wings
And when the evening shadows fall
There'll be no long distance call
To say he's R-O-Ning in Palm Springs!
He'll be known in every bar across the country
From blondes, brunettes, and redheads he will flee
You'd better get yourself a "Mister" in a grey tweed suit
And not a pilot in the A.D.C.!!

(From "Songs of the 325th Fighter-
Interceptor Squadron)

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun
Down we dive, shotting our flame from under
Off with one, hell of a roar
We live in fame, or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The vastness of the sky
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U. S. Air Force!



LORD GUARD AND GUIDE THE MEN WHO FLY

(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Thro' the great spaces of the sky
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

Thou who doth keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skillfull hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space,
Uphold them with Thy saving grace
O God, protect the men that fly
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky.

(Words by Many Hamilton, 1915. Copied
from AIR FORCE TIMES, 16 October 1954)

"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love....
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds.
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seem waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death."

"An Irish Airman Foresees His Death"
by William Butler Yeats

